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STUDY OF AN OLD GARDEN, No. 488—
JEROME THOMPSON.

If this is study, what must the artist's sketches be? It is a beautiful subject, but badly drawn and carelessly painted. What a picture Mr. Hill would have made of these rhododendrons, and cabbages, and leaves, and vines! It is presuming pretty largely on the ignorance of the public to call such careless work "study." Mr. Thompson will find to his sorrow that the public know more about roses, and cabbages, and garden-vines than he gives them credit for. This being the character of his studies, it is no longer surprising that he paints such pictures as the "Home in the West," "Indian Maiden's Toilet," &c., &c. And yet, this little picture, poor as it would look by the side of one of Hill's studies, is much better than anything we ever saw from Mr. Thompson's hand before. It is really a very pretty subject. Was it drawn from nature? It must have been, we think. If it were, we are disposed to rate the artist soundly for not taking more time to make his picture as perfect as he could. The very choice of such a subject shows taste, and even the coarse execution does not prevent our hoping that Mr. Thompson will not persist in destroying the value of another such a one by work without due thought and worthy care.

ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS, No. 566—
HOMER D. MARTIN.

There are many bad pictures in this exhibition, some quite unaccountably bad, but few that are quite so null and negative as this. Indeed, it is difficult to recall any canvas covered with such a thickness of dirty paint, and absolutely without form and void. Doubtless it will be said that this is a very sweeping assertion. We are sorry we cannot make it otherwise. "You cannot extract blood from a stone," says the old proverb, nor can you compare chaos with

nature and point out the measure of conformity; and yet, strange as it may seem, this artist has shown signs of life, almost of earnestness. In last year's exhibition there was a study of the "Peaks of Madison and Adams from Randolph Hill," in which the distinct individuality of the two peaks was clearly and well given, and the snow—for they were covered with the first autumn snow—delicately drawn, and with the exception of the bad color, looking just like the mountains under that effect. Alas, how many young men there are who mean to be true, who make every spring fresh resolutions to work hard and to paint nature as she is; but, when they find themselves in the country, the temptation to sketch a little in the old careless manner, and spend the rest of the time with their friends, enjoying themselves, or going on delightful excursions with the ladies, is so strong that they want the moral courage to resist it, and so the summer slips away, and with it the good resolutions, and the artist finds himself in his studio without material enough to make a single good work. But pictures must be made, otherwise he cannot live, so the old conventional methods are resorted to, the pictures are made, and here is one of the results. So the years go by, and the man grows old with his good resolutions, sinking every year deeper into falseness and mannerism, and there is never any improvement or progress to be noticed in his work. But these men know, in the depths of their own hearts, that what they do is not true, is not like nature, and that they might have done, and would have done much better, if it had not been such hard work. This is the greatest obstacle in the way. If good pictures could be painted in the same space of time, and with the same *dilettante* sort of study, ah, how many would be doing the truth! But it requires a great deal of resolution and